

Triplet Troubles

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Summary: The girls, have all married, and r about 2 take on their greatest challenge ever: kids! But not just 1 kid, triplets... for every1! Discover how they manage their troublesome children, and trust me, it isn't easy. I would know!

1. Chapter 1

It's been fifteen years since Emma returned and they saved the world. They've all married, Rikki to Zane, Emma to Ash, Cleo to Lewis, and Bella to Will. Each couple has just rushed to the hospital, great news about to be delivered.

-A half hour later-

There was a knock on my hospital room door, and a nurse stepped in. "Miss Bennet, I have wonderful news! You're now a mother to three healthy baby girls! They're identical, just so you know." She said. _Oh my gosh! Triplets? Oh this should be fun._ I thought, half sarcastically, as the nurse turned and said to an unseen person "Bring them in." three young nurses in nice, neat, spotless uniforms stepped in, each carrying a small object wrapped in a pink blanket. They carefully laid them next to me, two on my right side and another on the left, each tucked under my arms. "Oh, aren't they precious?" I asked Zane as he walked in, smiling at me.

"They sure are." He said, sounding proud. They each had my bright blond hair, with my sky blue eyes. They had my complexion, my nose, my ears, everything was exactly like me. "Wow. They're like exact copies of you." One of the nurses commented. "May I get you anything, Miss Bennet? Some water, perhaps? Or extra pillows?" another asked, sounding nervous. She knew we were a rich family, and I could tell she was feeling pressured, not sure what to say. "No, but thank you for offering." I said politely. I didn't want them to be scared of me.

"You got any ideas for names?" Zane asked, after the nurses left.

"Some. I thought one could be Marrissa, because that means 'Of The Sea' in Latin. I looked it up online." "I like it." he said. "Then, we could have a Jayla, and finally, a Jennifer. What do you say?" I asked. "Perfect." He agreed. "So, let's seeâ€¦| Marissa Jade, Jayla Ann, and Jennifer Lynn. How does that sound?" I suggested. "I love them." he said.

-Meanwhile, in another room-

"Aren't they just perfect?" I asked Ash, as he held one of his three daughters in his arms, feeding her her first bottle. "Absolutely." He agreed. The one he was holding was Jada Maree, and the one I had was Taylor Michelle. The one that I had just fed and was now sleeping in the little plastic crib was Kayla Ann. Taylor stopped sucking on her bottle and looked up at me, eyes wide with curiosity. She slowly reached up her tiny hand and batted at a strand of my, which dangled over my shoulder, cooing happily.

Seeing what her sister was doing, Jada giggled and reached out towards me, probably wanting to play too. "Aww, come here, baby girl." I said, holding out one arm. Ash rose from his perch on the couch and carefully walked over to my bed, handing me our second born daughter. She started messing with my hair to, tugging it slightly, but it didn't hurt. They'd each been exactly three minutes apart, setting times of 9:00 sharp, 9:03, and 9:06. Kayla Ann was born first, then Jada, then Taylor. Thank goodness they weren't identical triplets, like the nurse said Rikki had.

Kayla had my bright green eyes, but Ash's brown hair. Jada was like an exact copy of me, with matching dirty blond hair and green eyes. Taylor had Ash's brown eyes but my blond hair. I was admiring how cute they were and everything, lost in thought, when there was suddenly a shriek from one of them. They were both trying to play with the same strand, and apparently didn't want to share, so they ended of swinging at each other, playfully at first, but eventually Jada swung too hard and hit her sister in the arm. Taylor immediately started crying, while her arm reddened. Jada, seeing her sister cry, probably feeling guilty, started to cry too, just as loud. They were both screaming so loud, you could probably hear it down in the parking lot, and we're on the third floor.

All the noise woke Kayla, and as soon as she realized her sisters were upset, started sobbing too. Ash rushed over to her, gently picking her up to console her. She didn't stop though, just as her sisters didn't. "Oh don't cry! Shh, shh, shh. Please don't cry." I said quickly, hugging them both to my chest. Their sobs became muffled as their faces burrowed into my hospital gown. After they'd calmed down a bit; they still had tears running down their cheeks, but were no longer sobbing quite as loudly. "Now, I'm sure Jada didn't mean to do it so hard, and I'm sure she's very sorry. Isn't that right Jada?" I questioned, even though I knew they probably couldn't understand me. But it's never too early to start teaching them right from wrong.

She gurgled a bit, so I took that as a yes. Taylor smiled, and her tears stopped, she reach out to her sister and they joined hands, each smiling, with no more tears flowing from their eyes, but still visible on their cheeks. I wiped the remaining water off their faces with my thumbs, only to regret when Ash yelled "No! Don't!" reminding me what would happen if I got wet. But it was too late. I rushed to

situate myself under the blankets, and just in time. As soon as I was under, my tail appeared. "Stupid mermaidness." I muttered to myself. There was a sudden knock on the door and a voice called "May I come in?"

-Outside the door-

"May I come in?" I repeated. "Uh, um, wh-who is it?" came the startled voice of my best friend. "It's just me. It's Cleo." I said. "Oh, then come on in." she called. I was being pushed in a wheel chair by Lewis, cradling my three baby girls in my arms, Sheila Aleese, Katie Bell, and Laura Bloom. Two were identical, the other fraternal. The identical ones, which were Laura and Katie, had my brown hair and Lewis' blue eyes, and Sheila has my brown eyes and Lewis' blond hair. They were each nestled in my arms, their eyes wide with wonder as they observed the room around them. "Hey Em. Hi Ash." I greeted. After a moment, she said "Well, are you just going to sit there or do I get to hold the little ones?" "Oh sure! Who do you want first? Sheila, Katie, or Laura?" I asked. "Uh, which is which? Oh, never mind, I'll just take Laura, whichever one she is." She said. Lewis grabbed the little girl in the middle, walking over to Emma and placing her on her lap. "So when do I get to hold one of yours?" I asked, gesturing to the little babies that she was holding next to mine. "Oh, right. Here, take Jada." She said, holding out a little girl that looked just like her, with bright grass green eyes and dirty blond hair. "She's so cute!" I exclaimed. "She looks just like you!" I said. "Hey, did you hear that Rikki got all identical triplets?" she asked. "Nooo!" I said, disbelief creeping into my voice.

"Yes!" a new voice said behind us. I turned around to see Rikki, seated in a wheel chair, parked in the doorway, smirking. "So, is it true? Did you really get identical triplets?" I asked excitedly. "Of course." She said. Zane sat down three baby carriers, pulling off the blankets to reveal three gorgeous baby girls. They each had sky blue eyes, and bright blond hair, much like Rikki. "Oh wow." I whispered. "Hey, where's Bella? I thought she'd be in here by now." Rikki said. "Right here." Her voice said, wheeling in. "So, are yours identical, too?" she asked immediately. "Yep." Rikki said. "I only got two identicals. The other's fraternal." I explained. "Nope, all fraternal." Emma said. After we'd all introduced our kids, we were almost ready to go. Turns out Bella had a little girl named Jamie Maree, a little girl named Lillian Kate, and a little girl named Hailey Brianna. They all had Bella's golden blond hair, and Will's greenish blue eyes. "Are you guys ready to get out of here? The doctor's said we're free to go." Bell said. "You bet." We all said.

-Three months later-

Rikki and Zane's Mansion

-Jada's POV-

"Mommy? When are you gonna feed us? I'm hungry." I said. Of course she couldn't understand me, babies talk different than the mommies and the daddies. "Yeah! We're hungry! We wanna eat!" Jennifer complained. "What's taking so long, mommy?" Jayla asked. We were each on daddies lap, feeling cranky because we hadn't eaten in at least three and a half of hours. Mommy came rushing in, three bottles of

warm milk in hand. She picked up me and Jayla, sitting next daddy and popping the bottles in our mouths. We sucked the nice, warm liquid into our mouths, enjoying the sweet taste, while daddy fed Jennifer. Pretty soon, it was all gone, and we were full. I yawned, feeling sleepy.

Drinking warm milk does that to me and my sisters. My eyelids drooped, and I yawned again. "Mommy, I'm tired." I said quietly, already half asleep in my mothers arms. I was perfectly comfortable, I was nice and warm, and mommy is so gentle, it's almost impossible to be tense around her. Unless you're daddy and you've made her mad, then she's really scary. But otherwise, she's really sweet, to us, anyway. "I'm tired too." Jayla agreed, her head bobbing a bit as she struggled to stay awake. "Me too." Jennifer agreed. They carried us up the stairs to our room, where we each slept in the same crib, so we won't get scared when the lights went off. Mommy and daddy laid us down gently, each kissing our foreheads before covering us with a nice, warm blanket, giving us each our special doll we like to sleep with.

They're shaped like a pretty lady with long, blond hair, and she has a fish tail that's long and shiny, like ours when mommy gives us a bath. Mommy gets a tail too when we splash her, and it's very long and pretty. "Good night girls." Mommy said. "Good night mommy." We all mumbled. We like being like our mommy. She promises she'll take us to learn to swim in the ocean when we are old enough, and for now we practice in the bath tub, it's very big and there is lots of room. We always wonder what it's like. We know it's big and blue and mysterious and magic and full of pretty fish, just like mommy says, and mommy doesn't lie to us, especially not about important things like the ocean. We also know the ocean is kind of like the giant fish tank daddy keeps for mommy down in the basement, but not nearly as amazing. It's really, really big. It's even bigger than the fish tanks at the park that Aunt Cleo took us to. Mommy swims in there sometimes, and we get to watch. There's even a shallow part where we get to go in if we are really good. We always are, because we do not like to make mommy mad, because then she yells and that scares us. As we drifted off into sleep, I hoped to dream about the ocean, and what it will be like.

-Ash and Emma's house-

-Taylors POV-

As soon as I woke from my nap, I called for my mommy to come get me. "Mommy! Momma? Where are you, mommy?" I yelled. Even though she couldn't understand me, I knew she'd hear me. Sure enough, she quietly came into the room and spotted me, then picked me up. "Hey sweetie. How was your nap?" she asked. "Very nice. I dreamed about the ocean you tell us about!" I explained. "That's good." She said, smiling sweetly. "Come on, let's get you dressed. We're going to dinner at your Aunt Rikki's house, and I want you to look your best. We'll let your sisters sleep for a few more minutes, then we'll get them ready, too." She then walked out, cradling me in her arms. She picked me out a pretty pink and white frilly dress, with a pink bow on my head and little black dress shoes. She put my hair into two side pigtails, which curled on the ends. My bow was centered right in between them. "Oh, don't you look adorable!" mommy said.

Daddy then walked in, carrying Kayla and Jada. Mommy put them in

dresses that were just like mine, except Jada's dress was light purple and white, her bow was also light purple, and her hair was styled just like mine. Kayla's frilly dress was sunshine yellow and white, with a matching yellow bow and two pigtails, along with the same black dress shoes we had. Mommy put on an ocean blue dress, with shiny silver high heels, some pretty diamond earrings and a small pearl necklace. She gave us each a beaded necklace that looked kind of like hers, except ours were plastic. But I still felt more mature wearing my fancy cloths and my grown up looking necklace. Daddy put on a nice black suit, with a navy blue tie with forest green stripes.

They buckled us each into our backwards car seat, giving us each our pacifiers. I took mine out of my mouth and asked "Do you think Aunt Bella and Uncle Will are gonna be there? Mommy told me Aunt Cleo and Uncle Lewis would be there, but she didn't say anything about Aunt Bella or Uncle Will or Jamie or Lillian or Hailey." I said. "I don't know." Jada said, barely understandable as her mouth was already occupied with her pacifier. "You know you're not supposed to talk with your mouth full." Kayla scolded. She was right, mommy had already started teaching us table manners, she said it was good practice for when we grew up to be smart and important girls.

We always listen to our mommy and daddy, because that's what good girls do and we want to be thought of as good girls. We are just like our mommy, daddy says "You're all smart and beautiful and magical." Are his exact words. None of us are really sure what any of it means, we aren't that good at grown up talk yet. We both have a big secret too. When we are in the bath, we get these really pretty fish tails, mairmaids, I think mommy calls them. She gets one too, when we get her wet. Sometimes, if we are very, very, very good at dinner with Aunt Rikki and Uncle Zane, sometimes they let us swim in the shallow part of their giant fish tank. Every night before bed, mommy tells us about what her and her mairmaid friends used to do. Sometimes she tells us about the pretty shells they found, and sometimes she tells us about swimming with the dolphins, and racing with each other, and all sorts of things. There is one difference, though. We were born as mairmaids, and mommy was made into a mairmaid, in a magic place she says she'll take us to when we're old enough.

Pretty soon, we pulled up next to Aunt Rikki's giant house, and our mommy and daddy got us out, carrying us in our portable car seats. We were immediately greeted by the doorman, who offered to carry us, but our mommy didn't let him. I was glad, I don't like to be held by anyone but mommy, daddy, Aunt Rikki, Aunt Cleo, Aunt Bella, Uncle Zane, Uncle Lewis, Uncle Will, or grandpa and grandma. We were led into the large dining area, and we were each placed on a chair next to mommy or daddy. We were quiet, and didn't make a fuss or anything, until something bad happened.

-Rikki's POV-

The dinner was very successful, all my friends and little nieces made it. Well, they aren't really my nieces, but Cleo and Bella and Emma and I are like sisters, so I consider them family. Zane had invited his dad and step mom Candy, along with Emma's parents, Bella's mom and dad, Will's parents, Lewis' parents, Ash's mom and dad, Cleo's dad and step mom, and my dad. My dad was holding Marissa and Jayla, and he was seated next to me, while I held Jennifer. Everything was perfect, until there was a little spill. Someone, I didn't see who,

knocked over the water pitcher, and before I could get up, it spilled all over me, along with Jayla and Marissa and Jennifer, who started crying in shock. I got up and ran, bringing Jennifer with me. Zane grabbed Jayla and Marissa and followed as fast as he could, because he knew they'd transform too.

I was hoping none of my friends had gotten wet, but they did. The second I was in the safety of our bedroom, I lost my balance as my tail appeared, falling to the floor. I purposefully fell on my back, shielding little Jennifer from the fall. My friends came racing in after me, and thank goodness I have a big bedroom, or we would be playing mermaid pile right about now. "Ow." I said, sitting up and rubbing my back. "Are you guys ok? Nobody saw you?" Lewis asked, cradling his screaming mermaid daughter as Cleo tried to comfort the other two. Jennifer was upset too, she obviously didn't like the idea of being spilled on then rushed out of the room and ending up on the floor. All the babies were screaming, probably very frightened. I'm pretty sure none of them were hurt, just startled, but I still looked them over. I began to dry us all off, but Emma stopped me. "Wait! What if it's not safe?" she asked "What do you mean? I've dried us off plenty of times before." I said. "I meant for the kids. They're so young, what if your power hurts them? I mean, they're just so fragile looking, I just don't want them to get hurt." She explained. "Oh." I said, realizing she was right. "Zane, go get us some towels." I commanded, holding out my arms for my other two daughters.

-Jamie's POV-

I was sitting in my mommies lap, crying my eyes out, along with my sisters, who were seated next to me. I was so scared, I didn't like having water dumped on my head in the middle of a nap. I was also very scared because I was afraid someone would walk in and take me away from my mommy and daddy and sisters. Nobody knew about my tail, except my aunts Rikki, Cleo, and Emma, my uncles Lewis, Zane, and Ash, my cousins, Marissa, Jayla, Jennifer, Jada, Taylor, Kayla, Sheila, Laura, and Katie, my sisters Lillian and Hailey, who were also sobbing into mommies top. Mommy hugged us close, trying to calm us down. I wanted to be back to normal, without the tail, so no one could come in and take me away. My sisters have tails too, so I think they were crying because they didn't want to be taken away by the evil blond lady that Aunt Rikki told us about. She wanted all mairmaids to herself, so she could take them apart and study them, and be rich and famous and mean. Dr. Danmen, I think her name is. She sounded very scary, and very mean. She had captured my mommy and wanted to poke her with sharp needles, so that's why if I ever meet her, I will poke her with needles and see how she likes it.

Uncle Zane soon walked in, carrying twelve fluffy pink towels, handing three to mommy. She dried us off, and our legs came back. We immediately stopped crying, knowing that the mean lady would not come to get us. We weren't mairmaids, so she wouldn't want us! Yay! We were all carried back to the dinner, where all the grandmas and grandpas seemed confused. "What was that all about?" Great Uncle Don asked. "Nothing Mr. Setori. We just wanted to dry our dresses, that's all. Besides, who likes wearing wet clothes? Certainly not us." Mommy lied. I didn't understand most of what she said, but I know that Mr. Setori is Uncle Don's other name. And he is Aunt Cleo's daddy, so she calls him dad. Our mommy and daddy have other names, too. Daddy call mommy Bella, and mommy calls daddy Will. I don't know why. Mommy's

name is mommy, not Bella. And daddy's name is daddy, not Will. Parents never make any sense. And grandma and grandpa call them Bella and Will too, and I don't know why. It must be an adult thing.

Mommy sat down, with us in her arms. Mommy gave me to daddy, and Hailey to grandma. They resumed eating, making frequent conversation. Pretty soon, our grandma and grandpa and great aunts and uncles left, and our mommy and daddy took us down to the basement, with my cousins and aunts and uncles. Aunt Rikki put her hand on the scanner, and the door slid open. We walked in, admiring the giant tank and all the fish. Mommy took us over to the shallow part and placed us in the water, causing our tails to form. She opened the underwater gate and dove in, swimming into the deep parts. Aunt Emma, Aunt Cleo and Aunt Rikki followed, placing our cousins in the water with us. We swam around, the water was only about one and a half feet deep, so our heads were almost always above water unless we went under. I swam over to the clear under water gate, which was now closed and waved at Aunt Emma, who smiled. I went back up for air, using my tail to make it quicker.

Later, after everyone went home-

-The McCartney Residence-

-Katie's POV-

Mommy was giving us our bath, and we purposefully kept splashing her. We wanted to be like her, and so she had to have a tail. Laura flicked her fins sideways and sent a small wave at mommy, and we all giggled. Mommy, however, didn't find it funny at all. "Would you stop that?" she yelled angrily, looking cross. She'd never yelled at us before, and it was rather shocking. My eyes filled with tears, along with my sisters. We tried to hold them back, but our eyes were filled to the brim. "Oh no." mommy whispered to herself. We all started crying, sobbing uncontrollably. We didn't expect her to get mad, we were only having fun. Daddy came running in. "What is going on in here?" he asked, looking at us in surprise. "Well, I kinda yelled at them because they kept splashing me." "Oh, well, nothing too serious." I frowned, angry at his response. "It was so a big deal!" "Yeah! She's never yelled at us before!" Laura agreed. "It was unexpected! We're not supposed to be yelled at and not be upset! We're only three weeks old!" Shelia added. "Easy girls! No need to get upset." Daddy said. I was so mad now, I didn't feel in control. I clenched my fist, grinding my teeth together as hard as I could. I squeezed my eyes shut, furious. I concentrated on the water around me, getting a grip on it's power, but not sure what I could do with it. I just released, and there was the sound of a rising wave, a splash, and a gasp of surprise. I opened my eyes to see daddy, soaking wet, and both my parents staring at me, shocked. "What?" I asked. "Cleo, did you just make that wave?" daddy asked carefully. "N-no. It wasn't me." mommy said, while we all muttered. "How many times are we going to go through this? Your name is mommy, _not _Cleo!" angry that our parents still didn't know their names. Daddy gave mommy a towel, and she dried us all off, announcing our bath was over. "Ahh, can't we stay in five more minutes?" Laura begged. I elbowed her. "It's rude to complain." She just rolled her eyes.

Mommy fed us our sleepy time bottle, and it, surprisingly (that was sarcasm), made us tired. I yawned, my eyelids drooping. "I'm tired."

I said. "Can we goâ€¦ sleepâ€¦ tiredâ€¦ I'm." Laura said, her words jumbled and slurred, due to her exhaustion. Warm milk has that effect on us, and all our cousins. But warm milk can make almost anyone (under the age of two years old) drowsy, it's not our fault. Mommy glanced at the clock, and she nodded. "Yep, it's bedtime. Nine o'clock." She stood, cradling me and Shelia, each in one arm, while daddy held Laura. "Come on, my little pearls. It's time for sleep." She said. We went to our room, which is right across the hall from mommy and daddy's bedroom. She put us into our favorite pajamas, our soft fuzzy sky blue ones with the little feet. She laid us in our cribs, covering us with a bedspread, then giving us our special cuddly blankets. We never sleep without them, ever. They're ocean blue, embroidered with a picture of a mairmaid. We do nothing with them but cuddle them, they make us feel safe, just like mommy and daddy. They gave us our dolls, which are also mairmaids, kissing us each on the forehead. "Good night, Laura." "Goodnight Mommy. Goodnight daddy." "Goodnight Shelia." "Goodnight daddy. Goodnight mommy." "Goodnight Katie." "Goodnight mommy. Goodnight daddy." "Goodnight girls." "Goodnight Mommy and Daddy." We all said. We then fell asleep, dreaming of swimming in the ocean, as mairmaids, just as our mommy does.

-The Benjamin Residence-

-Lillian's POV-

My night was going ok, until there was a knock at the door. "I'll get it." Mommy volunteered, getting up off the couch and walking towards the door. She had me cradled in one arm, a pacifier in my mouth, sucking happily. She opened the door, curious as to who it was. I personally hoped it was Aunt Rikki, because whenever she comes, it usually means we're going swimming, even though we just did. As mommy opened the door, her entire body tensed. There was a girl, slightly older than mommy standing there, with bright red hair, spiked on the end. "Sophie." Mommy said, her voice straining to sound polite. "What do you want?" she asked. "To see my new nieces, of course!" she said. "Yeah, ok. Now tell me the _real _reason you came." "Alright, I just need to speak with my brother." I took my pacifier out of my mouth. "Momma, who's this?" I asked. The red head looked me over. "Who's this little one?" she asked. "This is Lillian, Lilly for short. And, no offense intended, but I don't want you anywhere near my kids. I don't want them to turn into manipulative, bossy, over controlling, rude, ungrateful witches like you, so if you don't mind, GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!" she said, yelling that last part, startling me so much I dropped my pacifier. She ducked down at lightning speed, grabbed it, then gave it back to me before I even had a chance to blink. "But I-" the girl tried to protest, but mommy shoved her out, slamming the door behind her. "By the way, the no offense thing was sarcasm!" she called.

She walked back over to the couch, where daddy was, holding my sisters. "What was that all about? Who was at the door?" he asked. "Your sister." She grumbled. "You mean Soph- you know who?" he asked. She nodded grimly, her expression troubled and angered. "Oh, well, we'll talk about it when we put these three down for bed" he said, glancing at us. "Yeah, and it is nine o'clock, and they look tired." Mommy added. They took us upstairs, lying us down with the special dolls we'd received the day we were born. We went to sleep, dreaming of swimming and mairmaids and the ocean.

2. Chapter 2

-Zane's POV-

I woke up to the ringing of my cell phone. I groaned and reached over to it, wondering who it was. It was dad.

"Zane, turn off your phone." Rikki mumbled.

"Just a sec. It's my dad. This'll only take a minute." I said.

"Whatever. Just don't wake the girls." She said, placing her head in her pillow. I walked into the kitchen, where I knew I wouldn't disturb my wife or sleeping daughters.

"What do you want dad?" I asked.

"I need to ask you something, and I need you to be straight with me."

"Ask away." I said.

"I know your wife's still a mermaid. And I know your kids are too. How long have you known?"

"What? Don't be ridiculous!" I said.

"Don't lie to me. Why else would they have all ran when they got wet?" he asked.

"They told you, to dry off." I lied.

"Sure they did. But you don't have to tell me. I'll figure it out by myself. And just so you know, watch Rikki and your three. They might just disappear if you're not careful." I pressed the disconnect button. The nerve! He acts like he thinks he'll be able to take my wife and kids. If he so much as lays a _finger _on any of them, I will personally murder him. I trudged back upstairs, where Rikki was still in bed, her face still in her pillow.

"What did he want?" she muttered, barely understandable because her face was still buried in her pillow. Luckily, I've gotten pretty good at understanding the _wife-with-her-face-in-a-pillow_ language.

"I've got some bad news." I said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"What is it?" she asked. I could just envision her rolling her eyes, because my identification of bad news and her identification of bad news are very different.

"Wellâ€¦ my dad knows." I said.

"Knows what?" she asked.

"You're a mermaid." I said.

She jolted into a sitting position. "WHAT?" she yelled. "How did he find out?" she demanded.

"Last night. Remember, the dinner?"

"Oh great." she muttered.

"How are we going to tell the girls? They'll freak out." She said.

"I have no idea. But if my dad knows, he might try something." I said.

"Oh, he has got something coming. I'm gonna boil him inside out." She growled.

"Hey, just calm down. As long as you guys are with me, he won't try anything." I said, placing my hand over hers.

"Calm down? You want me to calm down?" she yelled. "Your money obsessed father knows I'm a mermaid, and is probably going to sell us to marine biologist! Or the circus! And you're telling me to calm _down_" She yelled.

"Rikki I-"

"Save it. If anything happens to my little girls, I won't ever forgive you, or me." she said.

"Nothing's going to happen to them. We never even let them out of our sight." I reassured her.

"Yeah. But still, your dad comes _anywhere _near them, I'm going to boil his blood." She said.

"There's the Rikki I like to see." I said.

"What?" she asked.

"Fierce and slightly aggressive, but nice underneath." I said.

She smiled. "Thanks. I think." That last part hesitantly and to herself.

"That was a compliment." I said.

"Oh, well, in that case. Thank you." She said. She smiled mischievously, inching closer and closer to me.

"What are you-"

"This!" she said, lunging at me. For a second I thought she was going to punch me, but she did something else. She kissed me. We pulled apart, maybe ten seconds later.

"What was that- OW!" I yelled, holding my now red cheek. I'll give you three guesses what she did. If you guessed she slapped me, you're correct.

"What was that for?" I demanded, angry.

"For waking me up before ten. Speaking of which—" she swung towards my other cheek, a sharp _smack! _sound filling the air.

"Ow! Why did you do that?" I asked.

"Because you woke me up with bad news." She hit me again, but a lot harder.

"What was _that _for?" I asked, frowning. She shrugged.

"No reason. I just like hitting you. Plus, it's payback for when we were teenagers and you broke my heart." She said, smiling playfully. I rolled my eyes at the ceiling, shaking my head slightly.

"For the last time, _Sophie _kissed me, not the other way around!" I said, irritated. She looked down, a hurt look in her eyes.

"Oh, Rikki, I- I didn't mean to-" she looked up at me with tears in her eyes. I stopped, knowing she only cried or got teary eyed when she was seriously hurt. Oh man, I'd really done it this time.

"You just had to bring her up." She said, her tears becoming more and more visible, piling thicker and thicker in her sky blue eyes. She stood, then stormed out, her expression angry and hurt.

-Rikki's POV-

I really hate my husband right now. I mean, he knew that was a sensitive subject, and he brought it up anyway! Ugh, men are so impossible to get along with. They're nothing but trouble, most of the time. _They come with heartbreak, disappointment, and problems that you have to clean up. How wonderful._ I thought sarcastically, hot tears of anger and sadness streaming down my face. Just the thought of that horrible, manipulative, overly controlling, evil, sneaky, witchy with a 'b' replacing the 'w', heart braking, red headed devil made me want to cry. Thank goodness tears don't make me sprout a tail, or I'd be tumbling down the stairs right now. I went to the kitchen, knowing the kids would be awake soon. I prepared their formula, using my powers to heat the milk faster. I dabbed it on my skin, seeing that it was warm. I nodded in satisfaction, but groaned as I toppled over, my tail visible.

"Stupid mermaidness." I muttered, rubbing my elbow. I slowly clenched my fists, and I could feel heat being generated through my scales. I hopped up as my legs reappeared, grabbing the three bottles off the counter. I made my way up to the triplets room, silently pushing the door open. As I took a step inside, I glanced at the extra two cribs, smiling to myself as I thought about their insistence of always being together. With everything, they always have to be side my side, and if we don't let them, they scream and scream and scream bloody murder until we let them be next to one another. We'd initially bought three cribs, knowing we'd be having three little girls. But, strangely, they always wanted to sleep together. We'd tried putting them in different cribs, and they'd screamed so loud, my ears were still ringing the next morning. So we always kept them together. For naps, for feeding, when we go to the park, anything.

And they always wake up at exactly nine forty five, which is right about—" now. Sure enough, as I was hovering over my crib, gazing

proudly at their beautiful faces, their eyes snapped open. First Marissa, then Jennifer, and finally Jayla. They gurgled, smiling up at me.

"Hey, cuies. You hungry?" I asked. They each made their little cooing sound, as if they were trying to talk, arms reached up towards me. I couldn't carry them all at once without the risk of dropping them, so I (reluctantly) called out to my husband.

"Zane, get in here! They're awake." I yelled over my shoulder.

"Coming." He responded. He hurried in, immediately grabbing Marissa and kissing me on the cheek, as if we hadn't just been arguing. All the same, my anger melted. He really knew how to get me to forgive him. Just start acting all mushy and romantic and I cave. Not because I like it. If that's what you thought, I have one thing to ask. 'Are you completely insane?'. I only forgive him when he does that because it makes me want to hurl. I hate mushy, classic romance; it disgusts me. But still, I find it (just a teeny bit) touching. Ok, I like it a little bit. But its because I'm a girl and I can't help it. Its natural, ok? I gathered Jennifer and Jayla in my arms, both of them tugging at strands of my hair. I smiled and kissed their foreheads, then headed downstairs, Zane cradling Marissa, grabbing the baby bottles that I'd set on their dresser before following.

-Jennifer's POV-

"Good morning, mummy." I said, smiling up at my mother as she carried us down stairs. Her hair was unbrushed and slightly tangled, her blue eyes still sleepy. But she still looked really pretty. Even with her hair a mess and her eyelids slightly droopy. She gave me a morning bottle, along with Jayla, while daddy fed Jennifer.

As we finished, I said "Thank you, mummy." Smiling, she moved a strand of hair out of my faces, her soft touch tickling my cheek.

"I love you baby." She whispered.

"We love you too, mummy." We all said.

"What did we do to deserve this?" daddy asked.

"What do you mean? Deserve what?" mum asked, confused.

"These three. They're perfect in every way, just like you." He said that last part to mum, smiling charmingly.

"Just because you're complimenting me doesn't mean I'll forgive you. But thanks anyway." She said, smirking slightly.

"I hate it when they use big words like comtenplimentallink." I said.

"Me too. What the heck does that mean, anyway?" Marissa questioned, wiping her mouth.

"I have no clue. That's why I hate it." I said.

"Well, we should probably get these three dressed. Cleo said she had something important to tell us, so I said we could meet up here. They'll be here around elevenish." Mummy announced.

"That's fine. As long as no one gets wet. We don't want anymore suspicion around here." Dad agreed. Mum smacked her forehead so hard her hand turned red.

"I forgot. How are we going to tell them he knows?" she asked.

"Knows what, mummy?" Jayla asked.

"I mean, they're going to freak out. Especially Em." She looked really stressed. Her eyes held that rare worried look they only possessed when she was extremely troubled, and her breathing was shaky, her hands trembling slightly, and her eyebrows creased in a displeased frown.

"Well, you shouldn't worry. You need to just relax, go take a hot bath. I'll get the girls ready." Dad announced. We all perked up at the word bath. We love being in water, because we're mermaids (we found out from Aunt Emma and Aunt Bella that they aren't called mairmads, when they were talking about the 'moon pool' they sometimes bring up, and something about new mermaids), and we always feel truly free when the water swishes around in our hair, and gently cleanses our scales, like its scrubbing away all our troubles.

"Y-you're right. I just need to chillax. After all, if your dad were to even think about touching my babies, I'd boil him inside out." Mum threatened. I didn't really know what she meant by that, and I looked at my sisters in question, they just shook their heads like 'what are you looking at me for? I have no idea what that translates to. I don't speak adult.' So mum gave us to dad, and she went upstairs. Dad took us to our room, brushing through our hair and putting us in clean outfits. He can make surprisingly nice braids, like the ones mummy sometimes wears, our hair in two different braids, each dangling on one side of our heads. Aunt Cleo called them something once. Tomboy braids, I think.

-At The McCartney Residence-

-Lewis's POV-

I could hear our babies crying, calling for us to come get them. I rose silently off the bed, hoping not to wake the angel, I mean Cleo, who slept next to me. Her chocolate brown eyes were closed, and she breathed gently. Her skin seemed to glow in the morning sunlight flooding through the window, and her hair framed her face perfectly. A sleepy smile was spread across her lips, and I knew she must be having pleasant dreams. Smiling, I bent down and lightly kissed her forehead, careful not to wake her, pulled the blanket up closer to her chin, then hurried out of the room and down the hall, where our triplet daughters were, awaiting my arrival. When they saw me come in, they stopped crying and started cooing happily, reaching out towards me. I grabbed them all, it was slightly hard to carry all three at once, but I managed. I didn't want to wake Cleo and have her come in and help me, she deserved her sleep. I took them downstairs, setting them each in their own swinging bassinets, giving them each a rattle to play with while I went to get their formula.

As soon as it was ready, I poured it into three bottles, making sure it wasn't too hot or too cold, just warm. As I fed them, Cleo came downstairs, her hair in slight disarray. Rubbing her eyes sleepily, she smiled, sitting next to me on the couch. She grabbed Laura and Katie, taking their bottles from me to feed them.

"Thanks. They're getting to be a handful." It was true, they were more curious than ever, always reaching for things they shouldn't, then throwing it on the floor. Like my science glasses, for instance. I've already had to replace twice them since they were born, and they've only been here half a year. I'm not complaining, just stating a fact. Sure, it's kind of annoying when they break things, but it makes it worthwhile when I see how happy they make Cleo. Her eyes light up with glee at just the sight of them, and our nine nieces. Ok, they're not really our nieces, but Emma, Cleo, Bella, and Rikki are closer than any other group of sisters could ever dream to be, so they're kids will probably grow up thinking of us as Uncle Lewis and Aunt Cleo.

As the babies were just finishing their breakfast, Cleo announced something. "Hey, by the way, we're going to Rikki and Zane's to discuss that incident a couple days back." She started, real serious. I knew what she was talking about. How one of our kids (we're assuming) had created that wave in the bath tub. I mean, we needed to know if the other kids had powers, and how they worked, and what they did, and if they were out of control, hence dangerous. We needed to know, so if they would pose as a potential threat to anyone, we could harness them, and quickly. The last thing we wanted (or needed) was a bunch of scientists asking how a bunch of six month olds managed to freeze an entire room, or flood a whole house, or set a forest on fire.

"Oh. When?" I questioned."

"Around eleven. I figured that would give me enough time to take a short bath and get these three ready." She explained, gesturing to our three daughters, who were now just lying in our arms, looking content.

"Alright, sounds good. You want them to have a bath too before we go?"

"Mmm, no. They just had one last night. And besides, it takes too long to dry them all off. Let's just get them dressed, and their hair done. Oh, that reminds me." She jumped up, running upstairs. She returned, a large shopping bag in hand.

"Tell me what you think of these." She pulled out a little blanket, ocean blue, made of that soft fleecy fabric. It had a mermaid sewn on it, with an orange gold tail, and a matching bikini top.

"Wow. Where'd you get it?"

"Kim made it. She's a part time seamstress, you know. I had her make twelve, one for each of them. It's their 'half year' present, I guess you could say." It made sense. Cleo and her sister got along much better now that they didn't have to live together.

I looked inside and, sure enough, there were eleven other blankets,

each embroidered with the name of the baby they would go to. Cleo held Laura's, dangling it above her, while she reached up for it, obviously curious. As she grabbed it, she squealed in delight, yanking it from her grasp. Holding it to her chest, she cooed happily. Her sisters stared at her, wondering about her new object. They wanted to play too, but she didn't want to share. Cleo, to avoid upset in them, dug out two others, handing them to their owners. They were each immediately content, inspecting their blankets.

"Well, I better get ready. You don't mind readying them, do you?" Cleo asked.

"Course not."

"Ok then. I laid out their outfits in the cribs, and I'm thinking little pigtails for their hair. Kay?"

"Got it." she smiled, handing me Laura and Katie. She walked off, and soon I could hear water running. I went to the girls room, dressing them in the clothes their mother had chosen. I hoped this meeting would go well, with no mermaid issues. Cleo didn't need anything stressing her. Although it was probably not going to happen, I can hope, right?

End
file.